

Spooky Squids and Whatever

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Summary: Because writing a good creepypasta isn't my forte. Once an unsuspecting man buys a copy of Splatoon, he doesn't realize the horror...the characters in the game are in for.

Spooky Squids and Whatever

****Splatoon: Spooky Squids And Whatever****

Leaving from work, a young man dropped a box onto the ground. An ominous aura emanated from the otherwise colorful box, a picture of a girl and a boy with what appeared to be bright colored tentacles appeared to dim, their pupils blinking and flashing. The teenager did not seem to notice, instead opening the case, a disc inside with the label, "Splatoon" attached. Smirking, the teenager retrieved the disc from within, a dark fog settling outside the house. But we do not care about the current state of weather outside, so moving on, the man moved towards a television screen in his home, a black console of sorts sitting flat on the ground, a what appeared to be a controller with a screen sat next to it. Immediately, the man, took the disc, and shoved it in a flat slot of the console, a bolt of lightning thundering outside, as lightning bolts do.

He stared eagerly at the television screen the console, the controller's screen flashing uncontrollably and the system rattling back and forth. Assuming it was nothing but the system warming up, he continued watching. As he watched, the ink on the game's case shifted colors to a sinister, edgy red and black tone. The television fizzled somewhat, and the game began.

As soon as the television turned on, the man noticed something was up. The television's screen displayed nothing but static, pink and green grains running across like sand. Mildly frustrated, the man reached over to turn off the television, then turned it back on again. This time around, the television displayed room full of knick knacks, a computer, and a pink substance left on the floor in the

shape of footsteps. The man smiled. The smile went sour when he noticed red creeping down from the top of the screen next to the Splatoon logo. Assuming his television was on its last legs, he clicked the power button on the television, resetting it, then turned it back on. It only seemed to worsen the situation, the red dripping down further. Furrowing his brow, the man began rapidly resetting the television, the screen displaying the slow but steady progress of red dominating the screen. Eventually, the screen began filling up with red. In anger, the man pounded the screen, shutting the television off again.

"Hee heeâ€|"

The man blinked, glancing about his house. Maybe the dumb kids of his neighborhood were running each other over with their scooters or something. He could care less. He began clicking the power button over and over again.

"You shouldn't have done that, hee hee heeâ€|"

The man blinked, glancing about the house. The furniture rattled ever so slightly. Frowning, the man kept an eye on the screen. Then came a face. The familiar face of the girl on the box flashed on screen. She was grinning, though her eyes were hidden under the shade of her red tentacle hair. All that surrounded her was black and red. The man stepped back in shock. Raising her head up, she opened her eyes, pizza sauce dripping from her eyes. Oh what- Hang on.

* * *

><p>(Hey I'm writing the storyâ€| What? It's implied to be blood? Oh, okayâ€| Well maybe if we had gone out for PIZZA maybe none of us would have to suffer through this. Fine, fine, I'll finish it.)<p>

* * *

><p>Ahem, so the "blood" dripped from her dead, soulless eyes, her pupils empty. The man stared back in fright, an high pitched cackling rumbling throughout the house.<p>

"I'm sorryâ€| Am I too... spooky for you?" The girl asked, her decapitated head hovering around giggling like a madwoman.

The man frowned. "You've gotta be kidding me. I paid sixty bucks for this?"

The decapitated head on the screen blinked, red being blinked out of her eyes. "What? Hey, dude, eyes up here, trying to spook you."

"Absolutely abhorrent." The man scoffed. "What am I even looking at?"

As if on a whim, white pupils rolled into the specter's eyes, the spirit staring back angrily. "Hey! You're supposed to be fearing for your life, almost wetting yourself! Huh?! Are you going to try to call the police to no avail once they think you're crazy or something?! C'mon!"

"I don't think he's scared of you." A male voice asked from

offscreen.

"Oh, SHUT UP, dab more red food coloring on your tentacles!" She screamed in a less than harsh voice, sounding more and more like a female teenager instead of a screeching banshee.

"Fine, Cod." The voice offscreen mumbled.

With a harumph, the female turned back to the screen, glaring, rolling her pupils back into her head, her face appearing to melt. "ArEn'T yOu AfRaId Of ThIs InKlInG? ArE- Hey, what are you doing?"

Her face reshaped back to normal. The man shook his head, reaching for the belt on his pants.

"Oh well. I can make this work." He smirked. "Hey, squid. Stay like that."

Swiftly, the man unbuckled his belt, the sound of something unzipping afterwards. The female Inkling's pupils rolled back into her head, her eyes staring back at the man in horror. The "pitch black" covering the screen fell backwards with a thud, revealing the screen to be a studio. Her plain white eye contacts fell out purely on instinct, and the redness dripped from her face and tentacles. Her eyes twitched.

"Hey, did you scare him yet?" A voice joked from offscreen.

"EYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" She screamed, the television smashing to bits afterwards.

"...Damn." The man sighed.

Just then, a lightning bolt struck down from outside through the ceiling, impaling him, killing him in an instant, actual blood staining the floor- And his pants. The female Inkling cared not, for she was too busy running for the hills screaming more accurately like a banshee.

* * *

><p>In a lively diner, the female with orange tentacles, the fading dye of a dry blood red sticking to the tips of them, sat on a stool, staring with unwashed horror in her eyes at a counter top. She closed each eye separately, sighed a lengthy sigh, and slammed her chin on the table.<p>

"Give me the strongest thing you've gotâ€|" She slurred, tears threatening in her eyes.

"Sorry honey, we don't serve that to minors. Here, have this instead." A warm voice called, a large male Inkling coming from a door behind the counter, placing down a jug of light yellow liquid with a red and white straw jutting out.

"Thanksâ€|" She murmured lifelessly, taking the straw out, downing the glass, a refreshing citrus taste traveling down her mouth and throat.

After chugging half the glass, she moaned into the counter top. The opening of a door quickly caught her attention. Turning towards the back, another young squid with blue tentacles and a pair of colorful headphones wrapped around his neck made his way to the counter, his eyes sparkling different colors strangely. He took a seat by the girl.

"If you don't mind, I'll have what she's having." The boy muttered, sighing.

The Inkling behind the counter nodded gravely, quickly pouring another mug filled to the brim with lemonade, a straw inserted in the drink. He laid it next towards the boy, who sipped at the drink sadly.

"Ahâ€|" He muttered, staring at the counter.

"...Rough day?" The girl asked, glancing away.

"...A little. You?" He asked.

The girl shivered, staring at the counter. "You have no FREAKING idea. Cod, you ever hear of scary stories?"

The boy frowned. "...Yes?"

"Ugh..." She shivered.

"Well, sorry you were so... Spooked?" The boy muttered, sipping the drink.

The girl huffed, slamming her face onto the table tiredly. With a frown, the male Inkling continued sipping at his drink while the girl attempted to clean the memory out of the recesses of her brain, much to her displeasure. Eventually, she gave up and attempted to stop thinking altogether. It turned out that attempting to drown your sorrows without focusing on where you pour the liquid is not exactly the best way to go. After the initial sting of citrus in her eyes, she decided to drink both her sorrows and her pain away, the boy and bartender sitting by awkwardly as she set new world records on drinks.

Then a skeleton tap danced out.

* * *

><p>AN: For no reason in particular, I decided I wanted to make a creepypasta. Then I realized that I can't write horror. So, I decided to move onto something else: humor. There you have it. I didn't want it to be too stereotypical of how parody creepypastas go either, so I added a bit more. You know. :|

Also, to any of my regulars, I apologize for this, I'll get started on the other stories I've got.

And to everyone else, I also apologize.

(Except not entirely because I got a kick out of writing this.)

(For those who still don't get it this is satire)

(okay thanks)

This is ThePizzaLovingTurtle, off to play Luigi's Mansion Dark Moon,
truly one of the greatest spooky games of All Time.

End
file.